BATMAN
No.35

JUNE-JULY
TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC

BATMAN

IN THIS ISSUE:

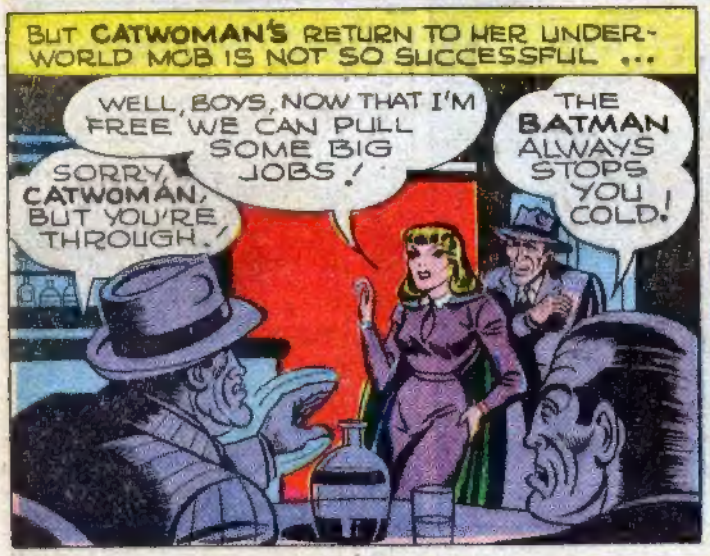
"Dick Grayson, AUTHOR!"

BAT MAN
WITH
BIN
ONDER-
THERE'S AN OLD SAYING THAT NO MATTER HOW FAR A CAT DROPS, SHE ALWAYS LANDS ON HER FEET! CERTAINLY IT WOULD SEEM TRUE OF THAT TIGRESS-QUEEN— THE CATWOMAN! FOR HERE, IN THIS TALE, THE FEMALE SPITFIRE APPARENTLY BEARS A CHARMED LIFE AS SHE RETURNS FROM OBLIVION AND BARES HER CLAWS AT BATMAN AND ROBIN TO COMMIT CRIMES THAT ARE AS SMOOTH AND DARK AS BLACK VELVET! YES, EVEN THE BATMAN FINDS HIMSELF ADMITTING THAT—
"NINE LIVES HAS THE Catwoman!"
BY
BOB KANE

NEW INMATES ARRIVE AT THE STATE WOMAN'S PRISON, AMONG THEM ONE WHO IS CONSPICUOUS FOR HER EXOTIC BEAUTY, HER FELINE GRACE...
CAREFUL, DEARIE... DON'T TRIP OVER YOUR LONG CLAWS!
HEE! HEE!
YES, IT IS THAT NOTORIOUS BANDIT PRINCESS — THE CATWOMAN!
NOW THE LEFT HAND, PLEASE!
THAT'S RIGHT, YOUR HIGHNESS... IT AIN'T EVERY DAY THEY GET A PAW-PRINT!
HEE! HEE!
YOU WILL WEAR THESE CLOTHES NOW! ALL PERSONAL EFFECTS WILL BE KEPT FOR YOU UNTIL YOUR RELEASE!
PLEASE... I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK...
MAY I KEEP THIS LOCKET? IT HAS MY MOTHER'S PICTURE. SHE DIED WHEN I WAS SO YOUNG... IT'S ALL I HAVE...
HM... WELL... ALL RIGHT!
THAT NIGHT, THE CATWOMAN ENGAGES THE PRISON MATRON IN CONVERSATION, SUBTLY DRAWING ATTENTION TO HER LOCKET...
WHAT KIND OF STONE IS THAT?
IT COMES FROM CEYLON! THE GEM IS CALLED A CATSEYE!
CLOSER, CLOSER, THE CATWOMAN BRINGS THE STRANGE CRYSTAL! HER VOICE BECOMES SOFT, DEEP-THROATED — A CAT'S PURR!
SEE... SEE THE OPALESCENT REFLECTIONS FROM WITHIN... SEE HOW IT SHINES LIKE A CAT'S EYE...
2

THERE IS NO RESISTING THE GEM'S UNEARTHLY BLAZE... CATWOMAN'S HYPNOTIC, PURRING VOICE...
LOOK AT THE CATSEYE... DON'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF IT.... NOW, TAKE YOUR KEYS AND OPEN MY CELL DOOR...
YES... THE KEYS... DOOR...

THUS, BY EMPLOYING THE GEM THAT IS HER NAMESAKE, THE CATWOMAN ESCAPES JAIL!


BUT CATWOMAN'S RETURN TO HER UNDERWORLD MOB IS NOT SO SUCCESSFUL ...
WELL, BOYS, NOW THAT I'M FREE WE CAN PULL SOME BIG JOBS!
THE BATMAN ALWAYS STOPS YOU COLD!
SORRY, CATWOMAN, BUT YOU'RE THROUGH!

LATER...
I NEED THE BOYS IF I EXPECT TO REBUILD MY CRIME EMPIRE! I'VE GOT TO REGAIN THEIR CONFIDENCE... BUT HOW?
PURR-RR-R! PURR-RR-RR!

OF COURSE! HECATE, YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA! THE UNDERWORLD IS SUPERSTITIOUS— SO I WILL PROVE TO THEM THAT I CAN'T BE KILLED!
PURR-RR-RR! PURR-RR!

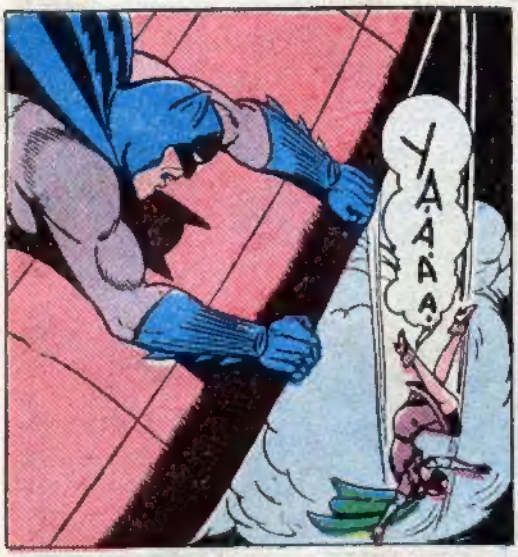
WITH THE HELP OF TWO STILL FAITHFUL GANGSTERS, CATWOMAN BUILDS HERSELF A NEW HIDEOUT— THE CAT-ACOMBS!
IT'S A PERFECT MAZE... A LABYRINTH OF PASSAGEWAYS... AND I ALONE KNOW THE ONLY EXIT!

THAT NIGHT—A MEETING WITH HER FORMER HENCHMEN...
I'VE CALLED YOU HERE TO PROVE THAT I CAN'T BE KILLED— THAT I HAVE NINE LIVES LIKE THE LEGENDARY LIVES OF A CAT!
HA! HA!
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
HUH?

WE DON'T LIKE DAMES WHO THINK THEY CAN TRY FANCY JOKES ON US.' THIS'LL TAKE AWAY ONE O' YER NINE LIVES.'
BANG! BANG!
LOOK! SHE'S STILL STANDIN'!
NOT A MARK ON HER!
I STILL HAVE EIGHT LIVES LEFT.' I'M WILLING TO SACRIFICE ANOTHER ONE IF SOMEONE WILL USE A KNIFE THIS TIME...JUST SO YOU'LL BE CONVINCED.'
IT JUST BOUNCED OFF 'ER!
WE'RE CONVINCED, CATWOMAN.' YOU CAN KEEP YOUR OTHER SEVEN LIVES.'
IF THEY ONLY KNEW THAT I HAD ARRANGED FOR MIKE TO FIRE BLANKS AND FOR PETE TO THROW A RUBBER KNIFE.'
AND SO, BY CAT CUNNING, THE CATWOMAN AGAIN RULES, AS PRINCESS OF PLUNDER!
OUR FIRST JOB WILL BE HIJACKING A CARGO OF INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS BEING SHIPPED BY DIRIGIBLE.
YES, MA'AM! YES, MA'AM! YES, MA'AM!
THAT NIGHT-AT THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE, ALIAS BATMAN.'
HI, BRUCE! ANY LUCK SHADOWING THE CAT-WOMAN'S OLD GANG? ANY LEAD TO HER?
YES, I SPOTTED ONE OF HER BOYS TALKING WITH A JEWEL FENCE. THAT MEANS SHE'S PLANNING A JEWEL ROBBERY-? BUT WHERE?
NOW OUR NIGHTLY NEWS ROUNDUP! POLICE ARE SEARCHING FOR THE BANDITS WHO STOLE A BILLBOARD BLIMP..
A BLIMP.' OF COURSE.' THAT CARGO OF DIAMONDS BEING SHIPPED BY DIRIGIBLE...TONIGHT.' DICK, WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH A CAT AND SOME RATS.'

SOMEWHERE IN THE CLOUDY NIGHT-SKY OVER GOTHAM CITY, A DIRIGIBLE RIDES THE WIND... WHEN A TINY BALLOON SAILS NEAR...
LOOK, SIR... A BILLBOARD BLIMP! I WONDER WHAT IT'S ADVERTISING?
IT ADVERTISES— CRIME! FOR, THE FLASHING NEON SIGNS WHICH AUTOMATICALLY PRODUCE ANY COMBINATION OF LETTERS, SPELL OUT...
HALT OR WE TOSS
HIJACKERS! SHALL WE FIGHT THEM OFF, SIR?
THERMITE BOMBS!!
NO! THERMITE COULD SET THIS $2,000,000 SHIP AFIRE EASILY! BETTER WE LOSE THE DIAMONDS THAN LIVES!
THE DIRIGIBLE LOWERS A LADDER AND SECONDS LATER THE PIRATE PRINCESS AND TWO HIRELINGS CLAMBER UP LIKE GIANT CATS!
BUT UNOBSERVED AND BLENDING WITH THE NIGHT-SKY, SOMETHING DROPS STRAIGHT DOWN FROM THE CLOUDS! THE BAT-GYRO!
SIT TIGHT, ROBIN... WE'RE GOING DOWN TO SQUAT ON THE DIRIGIBLE ROOF!
THE LOCKS WILL KEEP THE BATGYRO LATCHED ONTO THE ROOF WHILE WE GO DOWN...
HOOKING A LADDER ON THE DIRIGIBLE'S OUTER SKIN, THE DARING DUO DESCENDS!

AND IN THE CARGO ROOM, THE CRIME-BUSTERS EXPLODE INTO ACTION!
HELLO, CATWOMAN! HOW'S THE AIR UP HERE?
BATMAN!
WE'VE BLOCKED THE DOOR! SHE CAN'T GET OUT! OH-OH! WATCH THESE TWO RATS ...I'M GOING AFTER HER!
OKAY, BUT WATCH YOURSELF! SHE'S TRICKY!
PADDING SWIFTLY ALONG THE CATWALK, THE CATWOMAN SEEKS ESCAPE FROM HER RELENTLESS PURSUER!
LIKE A BOLT OF BLACK LIGHTNING SHE STREAKS UP THROUGH AN EMERGENCY HATCH SET IN THE DIRIGIBLE ROOF...
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THAT FEMALE SPITFIRE! SHE'S FAST!
AND NOW, SKY-HIGH, BATMAN AND CATWOMAN MEET AGAIN!
SORRY... BUT YOU'RE NOT SENDING ME TO JAIL AGAIN!
THEN IT HAPPENS! A STRONG CROSS-WIND HITS THE DIRIGIBLE AND—
UHHH...
LOOK OUT!



LATER... BATMAN IS STILL SHAKEN WITH THE HORROR OF CATWOMAN'S TRAGIC FALL...

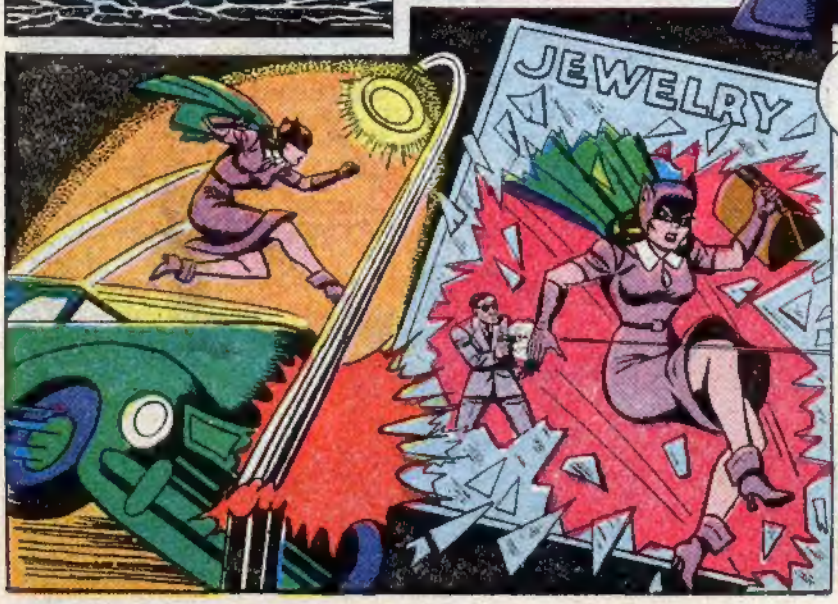
BATMAN... UH... THE BANDITS IN THE BLIMP... WHEN THEY SAW THE CATWOMAN DROP, THEY CUT LOOSE AND ESCAPED!

SHE'S DEAD, ROBIN! SHE WAS A CRIMINAL— BUT SOMEHOW... WELL, NOW SHE'S DEAD!

NOT HER! THE CATWOMAN CAN'T DIE! SHE'S GOT SIX LIVES LEFT!

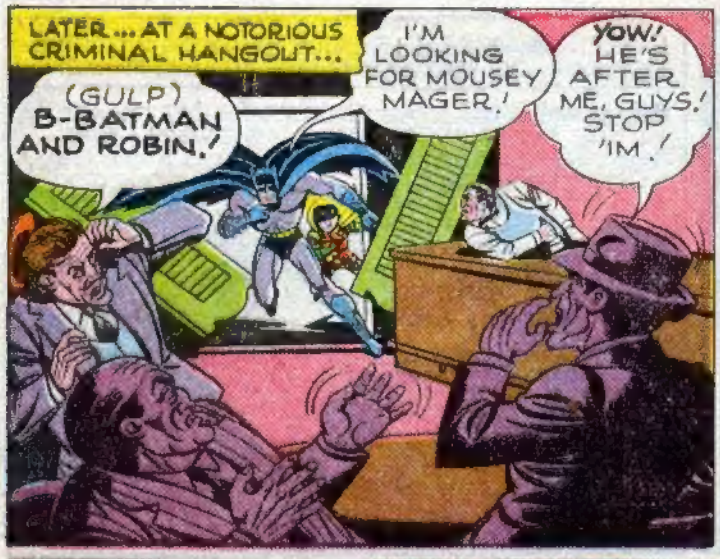
BUT PROVIDENCE... (OR PERHAPS THE LEGENDARY NINE LIVES OF A CAT!) DOES SAVE CATWOMAN ...FOR SHE HAS LANDED IN WATER AND EVEN NOW SWIMS TO SAFETY!

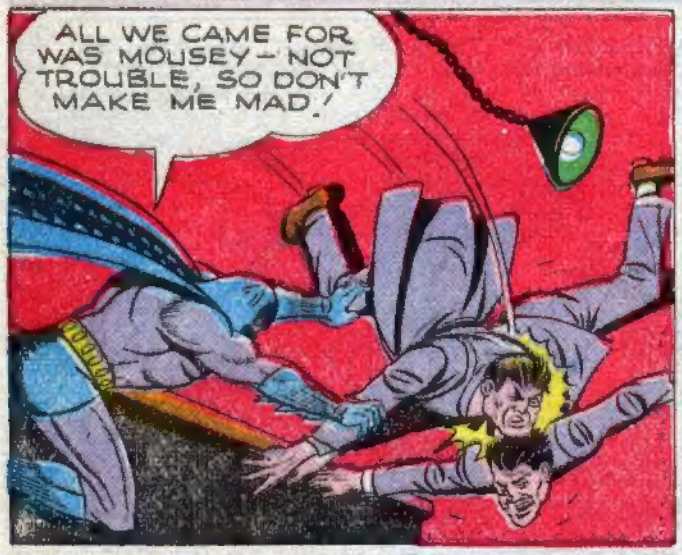
AND SO BEGINS A SERIES OF BANDIT ESCAPADES WITH CATWOMAN MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPING DEATH EACH TIME! BUT IS SHE, IN REALITY, DRAWING UPON HER NINE LIVES, ONE AT A TIME ???



WELL, BRUCE, CATWOMAN IS STILL ALIVE — AND SCRATCHING!

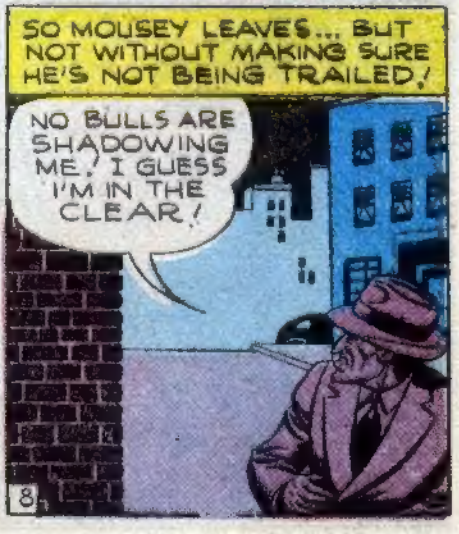
IF ONLY I COULD LOCATE HER NEW HIDEOUT! WAIT... I'VE AN IDEA— BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO LET COMMISSIONER GORDON IN ON IT!


LATER... AT A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL HANGOUT...
(GULP) B-BATMAN AND ROBIN.!
I'M LOOKING FOR MOUSEY MAGER.!
YOW! HE'S AFTER ME, GUYS.! STOP 'IM.!

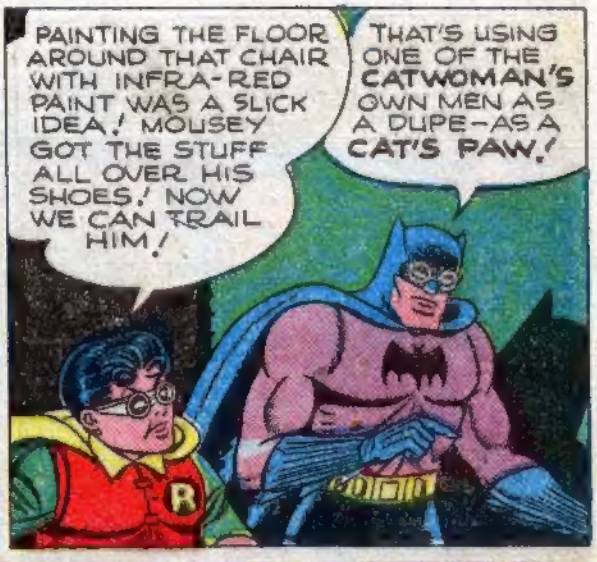

ALL WE CAME FOR WAS MOUSEY — NOT TROUBLE, SO DON'T MAKE ME MAD.!

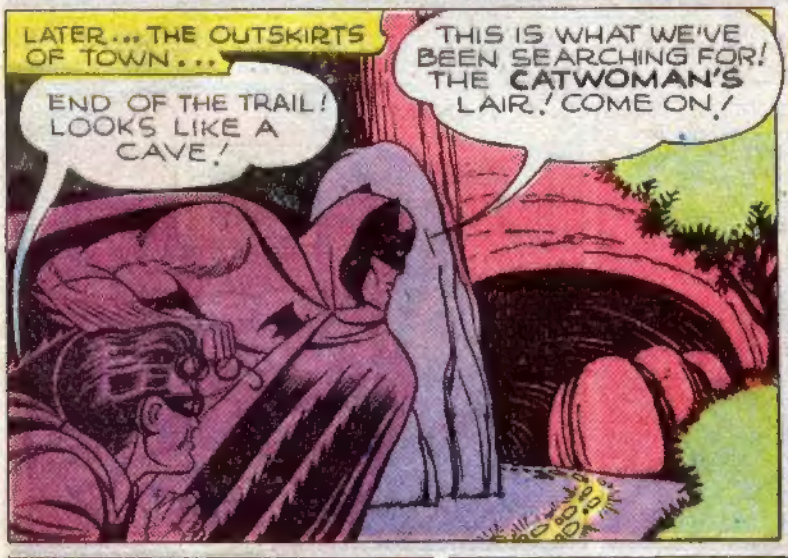
WHOA.! YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO — AT HEADQUARTERS.!

HEADQUARTERS... AND AFTER A THOROUGH GRILLING...
I'M TELLIN' YA I AIN'T SEEN THE CATWOMAN.! I WANTA CALL MY LAWYER.! YOU CAN'T HOLD ME.!
I'M AFRAID HE'S RIGHT, BATMAN.! WE HAVEN'T GOT A THING ON HIM.!


SO MOUSEY LEAVES... BUT NOT WITHOUT MAKING SURE HE'S NOT BEING TRAILED.!
NO BULLS ARE SHADOWING ME.! I GUESS I'M IN THE CLEAR.!

BUT, UNKNOWN TO MOUSEY, HIS VERY FOOTSTEPS LEAVE AN INVISIBLE TRAIL BEHIND—BECOMING VISIBLE AND GLOWING WHEN VIEWED WITH INFRA-RED FILTER LENSES!

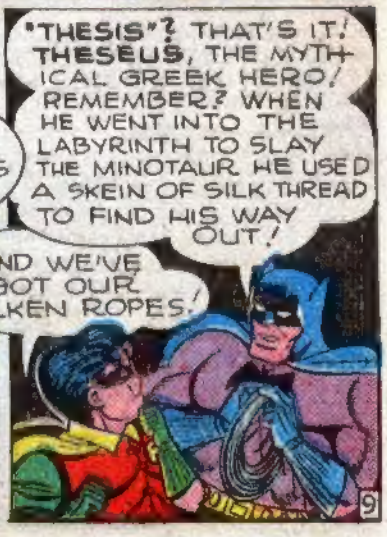

PAINTING THE FLOOR AROUND THAT CHAIR WITH INFRA-RED PAINT WAS A SLICK IDEA! MOUSEY GOT THE STUFF ALL OVER HIS SHOES! NOW WE CAN TRAIL HIM!
THAT'S USING ONE OF THE CATWOMAN'S OWN MEN AS A DUPE—AS A CAT'S PAW!


LATER... THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...
END OF THE TRAIL! LOOKS LIKE A CAVE!
THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR! THE CATWOMAN'S LAIR! COME ON!

BUT EVEN AS THEY ENTER, AN IRON DOOR CLANGS DOWN BEHIND THEM! SEEMING TO COME FROM NOWHERE, YET FROM EVERYWHERE, PURRING CONTENTEDLY...
GOOD EVENING, BATMAN! HOW YOU TRAILED MY MAN I DON'T KNOW, BUT YOU ARE IN HERE—AND YOU'LL STAY HERE!
CLANG!

THERE'S ONLY ONE EXIT, AND I KNOW IT! I DEFY YOU TO FIND YOUR WAY OUT! THE MAZE OF PASSAGEWAYS WILL CONFUSE YOU! YOUR BURIAL GROUND WILL BE FITTING—THE CAT-ACOMBS!

THE CATWOMAN'S CATACOMBS! HOLY CATS!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! YOU CAN WRITE YOUR THESIS ON THE "CAT" CATCH PHRASES LATER!


"THESIS"? THAT'S IT! THESEUS, THE MYTHICAL GREEK HERO! REMEMBER? WHEN HE WENT INTO THE LABYRINTH TO SLAY THE MINOTAUR HE USED A SKEIN OF SILK THREAD TO FIND HIS WAY OUT!
AND WE'VE GOT OUR SILKEN ROPES!

AFTER TYING THEIR ROPES TOGETHER AND FASTENING ONE END IN THE STARTING CORRIDOR, THE DUO PLAYS OUT THE CORD BEHIND THEM AS THEY BEGIN EXPLORING...

CAREFULLY, THEY SIZE UP EACH CORRIDOR, ALWAYS AVOIDING THOSE THE TRAILING ROPE IS IN...

NOT THROUGH THIS ONE! THERE'S PART OF THE ROPE!

WE'LL TRY FURTHER ON!

MINUTES CRAWL BY WITH TORTUROUS, FUNERAL PACE! FINALLY...

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WE'VE REACHED THE END OF OUR ROPE... AND I MEAN JUST THAT! START TEARING YOUR CAPE INTO LONG, THIN STRIPS!

AT LAST, JUST AS THEY ARE READY TO GIVE UP HOPE...

A ROOM!

IT'S ABOUT TIME!

A MICROPHONE! PROBABLY HAD OUTLETS IN THE CORRIDORS! NO WONDER HER VOICE CAME FROM ALL OVER!

ROBIN, WE'VE GOT TO HURRY! ACCORDING TO THESE PLANS, CATWOMAN HAS GONE TO RAID THE MILLIONAIRE WEAPON COLLECTOR, CARL GIBBS!

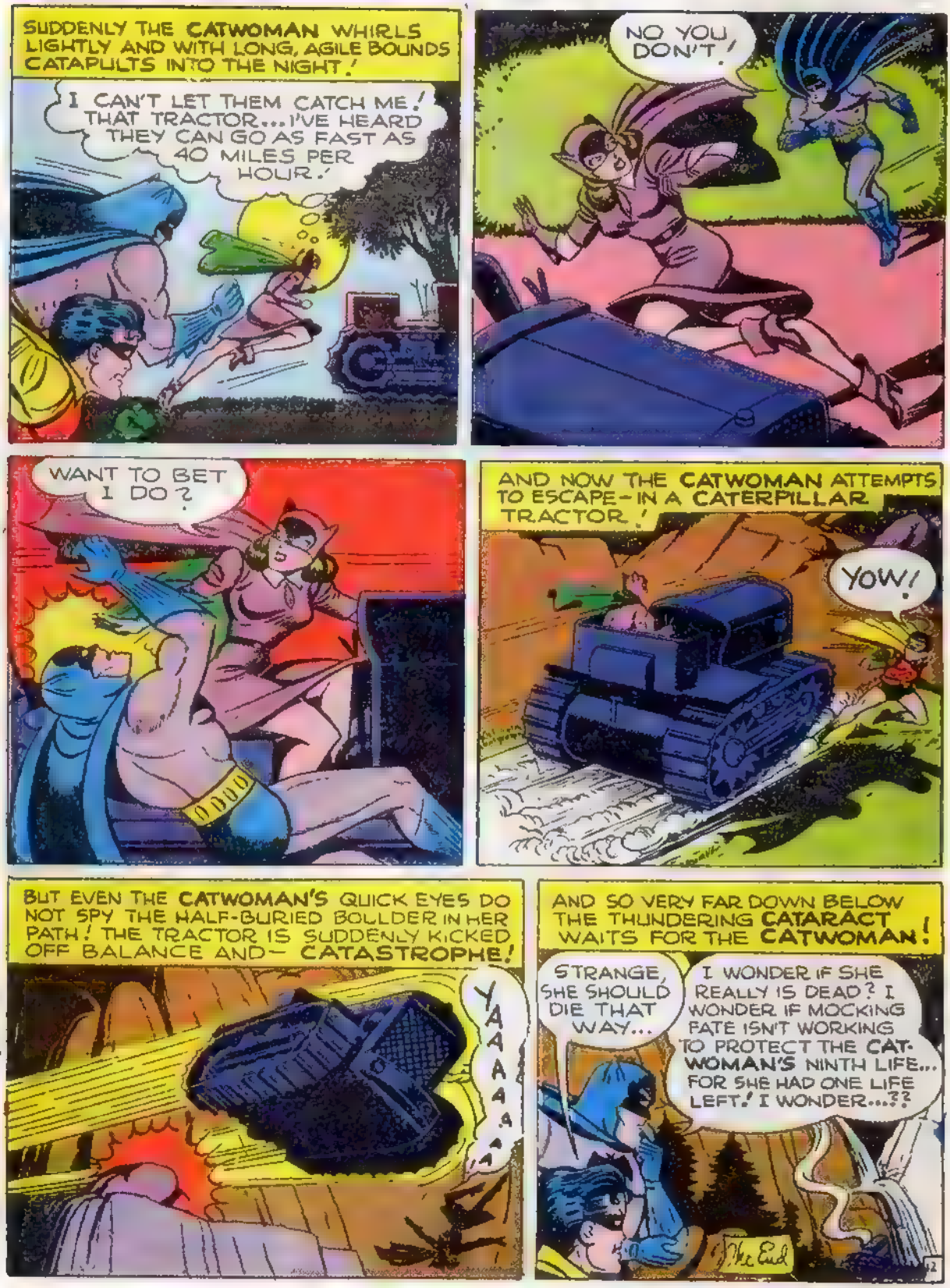
AN EAGLE'S NEST PERCHED ON A HIGH PRECIPICE OVERLOOKING A WATERFALL — THE HOME OF CARL GIBBS!

AND DARTING THROUGH THE BLACK NIGHT, HER LITHE BODY POISED, HER EYES GLEAMING IN THE DARK — THE CATWOMAN!

LIKES TO KEEP HIS HOUSE NEAT, DON'T HE?

WE'LL MAKE HIS HOUSE SO NEAT, IT'LL BE EMPTY! C'MON!

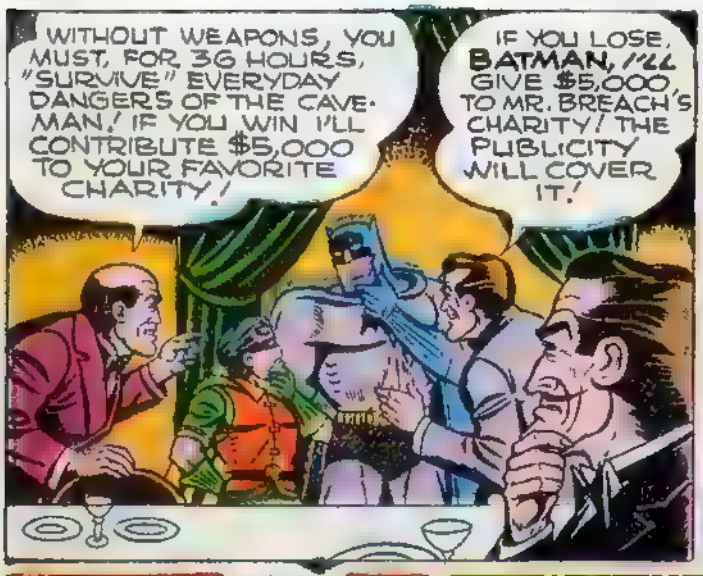
INSIDE IS MILLIONAIRE GIBBS' PRICELESS COLLECTION OF WEAPONS FROM THE CORNERS OF THE WORLD, FROM EVERY CENTURY...
THEN INTO THIS ROOM DRIFTS THE SUAVE, MENACING PURR OF THE TIGRESS QUEEN.!
GOOD EVENING! NO!... DON'T MOVE... UNLESS YOU WANT TO ADD SOME BULLETS TO YOUR COLLECTION!
HOW ABOUT ADDING US TO YOURS?
YOU!
LIE DOWN! YOU'VE SHOT YOUR BOLT FOR TODAY!
YOU!... WHY DO YOU PLAGUE ME? I'LL KILL YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL!
RATHER IRONIC THAT YOUR NINTH LIFE SHOULD BE IMPERILED BY A CAT-O-NINE TAILS!


SUDDENLY THE CATWOMAN WHIRLS LIGHTLY AND WITH LONG, AGILE BOUNDS CATAPULTS INTO THE NIGHT!
I CAN'T LET THEM CATCH ME! THAT TRACTOR... I'VE HEARD THEY CAN GO AS FAST AS 40 MILES PER HOUR!
NO YOU DON'T!
WANT TO BET I DO?
AND NOW THE CATWOMAN ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE—IN A CATERPILLAR TRACTOR!
YOW!
BUT EVEN THE CATWOMAN'S QUICK EYES DO NOT SPY THE HALF-BURIED BOULDER IN HER PATH! THE TRACTOR IS SUDDENLY KICKED OFF BALANCE AND— CATASTROPHE!
YAAAAA
AND SO VERY FAR DOWN BELOW THE THUNDERING CATARACT WAITS FOR THE CATWOMAN!
STRANGE, SHE SHOULD DIE THAT WAY...
I WONDER IF SHE REALLY IS DEAD? I WONDER IF MOCKING FATE ISN'T WORKING TO PROTECT THE CAT-WOMAN'S NINTH LIFE... FOR SHE HAD ONE LIFE LEFT! I WONDER...??
The End

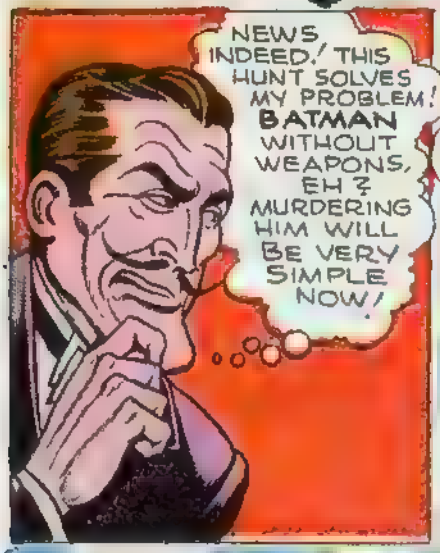
BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
THE WONDER -
AN ETERNITY OF TIME AGO, LONG, LONG BEFORE THERE WERE PLANES, SKY-SCRAPERS AND RADIOS, A HORDE OF GIANT MAMMALS AND REPTILES RULED THE EARTH. THESE PREHISTORIC CREATURES WERE THE WORLD'S FIRST OUTLAWS, DEFYING PUNY CAVE-MAN BY DAY AND NIGHT.
WHEN FATE CONTRIVES TO PIT THE BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER AGAINST THIS MAMMOTH LEGION FROM THE MIST OF TIME - WITH NOTHING TO AID THE DYNAMIC DUO BUT THEIR RAZOR WITS AND BARE HANDS - ONLY THE FITTEST CAN SURVIVE. THIS THEN IS THE PERIL-OUS ISSUE INVOLVED IN -
"DINOSAUR ISLAND!"

IN THE LUXURIOUS OFFICE OF MURRAY WILSON HART, MASTER SHOWMAN AND SPECIALIST IN THE SPECTACULAR...
MY NEXT SHOW FOR THE PUBLIC MUST BE TERRIFIC... GREATER THAN MY LAST AQUA CARNIVAL, EVEN MORE COLOSSAL THAN MY RECENT ICE FROLICS!
YES, MR. HART!
I'VE GOT IT! THIS MILLION-YEAR OLD MAMMOTH THEY JUST FOUND FROZEN IN A GLACIER I'M INSPIRED!
YES, MR. HART!
PREHISTORIC MAMMOTH FOUND IN SIBERIA — PERFECTLY PRESERVED BY GLACIER
MINUTES LATER, AND A NEW MURRAY WILSON HART PRODUCTION IS UNDER WAY...
GANG, DO YOU KNOW WHAT WERE THE BIGGEST THINGS THAT EVER WALKED ON EARTH?... THE DINOSAURS AND OTHER MONSTERS OF THE PREHISTORIC AGES! I'M GOING TO REVIVE THEM — FOR MY NEXT SHOW! I'LL LEASE AN ISLAND FOR THIS SUPER-SPECTACLE... WE'LL CALL IT DINOSAUR ISLAND!
YES, MR. HART!
A MINIATURE MODEL OF DINOSAUR ISLAND IS MADE.
WE'LL HAVE THESE TWO ON THE NORTH SHORE...
FINE... FINE...
THE NEXT DAY...
THE REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE OUTSIDE, SIR!
OKAY, BE RIGHT WITH THEM WHEN I'VE OKAYED THESE SKETCHES!
LATER... A CUTTER CARRIES THE PRESS TO DINOSAUR ISLAND...
DID YOU FIND THE DINOSAURS IN A LOST WORLD OR SOMETHING? WHAT'S THE GAG, HART?
YOU'LL SEE IN JUST A FEW MINUTES!

ROBOTS!
RIGHT! ELECTRICAL CONTROLS WILL RUN THEM! MY MECHANICAL MONSTERS WILL ALMOST SEEM ALIVE!
UP THERE WILL BE ROBOT CAVEMEN WHO WILL THROW "ROCKS" OF SPONGE AND "SPEARS" OF CARDBOARD AT CUSTOMERS!
IS IT TRUE YOU'RE GIVING A DINNER FOR BIG GAME HUNTERS AND THAT THEY'LL EAT STEAKS CUT FROM THAT FROZEN MAMMOTH FOUND IN SIBERIA?
YES... MEAT MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD! SHOULD BE TENDER ... HEH, HEH! BATMAN AND ROBIN WILL BE GUESTS OF HONOR!
AND ON THE COMPLETION OF DINOSAUR ISLAND...
GENTLEMEN, THOUGH THEY ARE NOT ANIMAL HUNTERS, BATMAN AND ROBIN BELONG HERE SINCE THEY HUNT THE MOST PERILOUS GAME— MAN!
I DISAGREE! A MODERN MANHUNT WOULDN'T COMPARE WITH A DINOSAUR HUNT!
BATMAN, YOU'RE A PRODUCT OF THE 20TH CENTURY! YOUR UTILITY BELT, BATMOBILE, PLANE, ETC., ARE THE WEAPONS OF YOUR HUNT! BUT THE CAVEMAN— HE FOUGHT ENEMIES BARE-HANDED. COULD YOU?
NOT HAVING LIVED THEN, I CAN'T TELL, MR. BREACH.
YOU'RE FORGETTING DINOSAUR ISLAND! EVER PLAY "TOUCH" FOOTBALL? INSTEAD OF TACKLING, YOU TAG YOUR MAN AND HE'S CONSIDERED STOPPED! IT HAS THE EXCITEMENT OF THE REAL GAME BUT THERE'S NO INJURY!
BATMAN, I CHALLENGE YOU AND ROBIN TO A GAME OF "TOUCH" HUNT ON DINOSAUR ISLAND! I'LL PLAY MR. FATE! I'LL SET THE TRAPS, WORK THE CONTROLS - IF A MONSTER "TAGS" YOU YOU LOSE

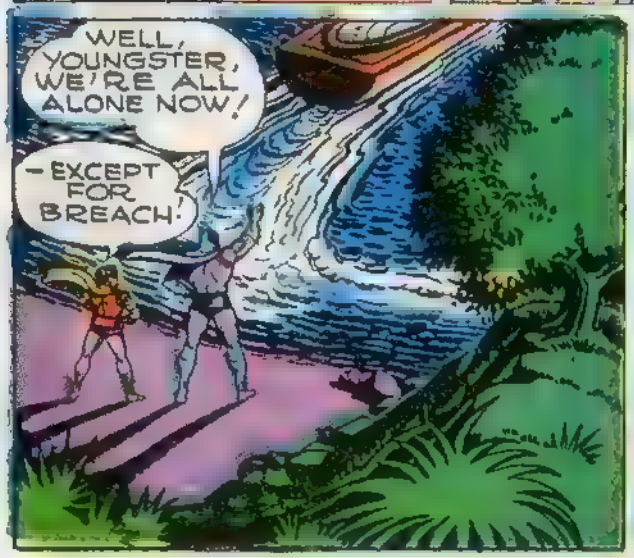

WITHOUT WEAPONS, YOU MUST, FOR 36 HOURS, "SURVIVE" EVERYDAY DANGERS OF THE CAVE-MAN! IF YOU WIN I'LL CONTRIBUTE $5,000 TO YOUR FAVORITE CHARITY!
IF YOU LOSE, BATMAN, I'LL GIVE $5,000 TO MR. BREACH'S CHARITY! THE PUBLICITY WILL COVER IT!

HOW ABOUT IT, ROBIN?
I'M GAME!
"GAME"—HA! NOT A BAD PUN!
GET THE REPORTERS! THIS IS NEWS!


NEWS INDEED! THIS HUNT SOLVES MY PROBLEM! BATMAN WITHOUT WEAPONS, EH? MURDERING HIM WILL BE VERY SIMPLE NOW!

NEXT DAY—NEWS PHOTOGS RECORD A RATHER HISTORY-MAKING SCENE...
ONE BELT-RADIO COMING OFF!
I'LL FEEL STRANGE WITHOUT MY UTILITY BELT AROUND ME...

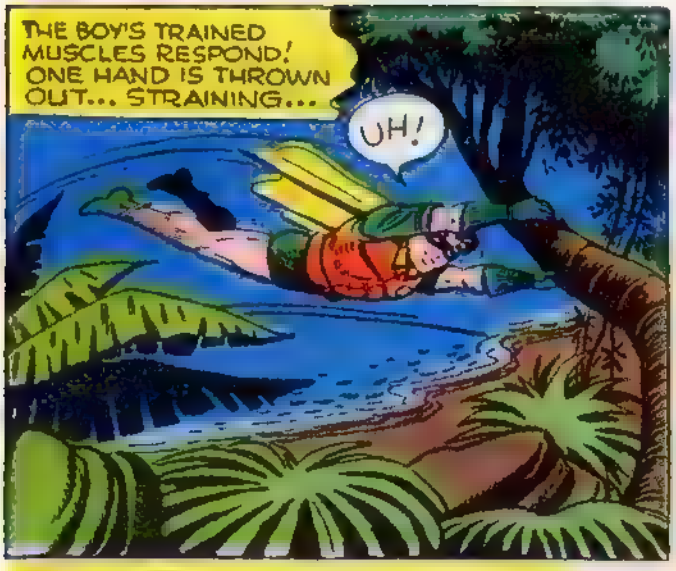
IT'S JUST 12 NOON! THE GAME BEGINS! BREACH IS WAITING ON THE ISLAND SOMEWHERE!
GOOD LUCK!


WELL, YOUNGSTER, WE'RE ALL ALONE NOW!
—EXCEPT FOR BREACH!

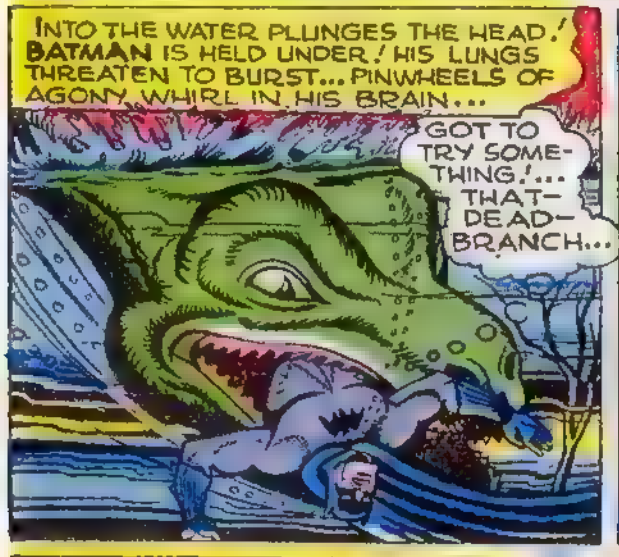
BUT BREACH IS NOT ALONE!

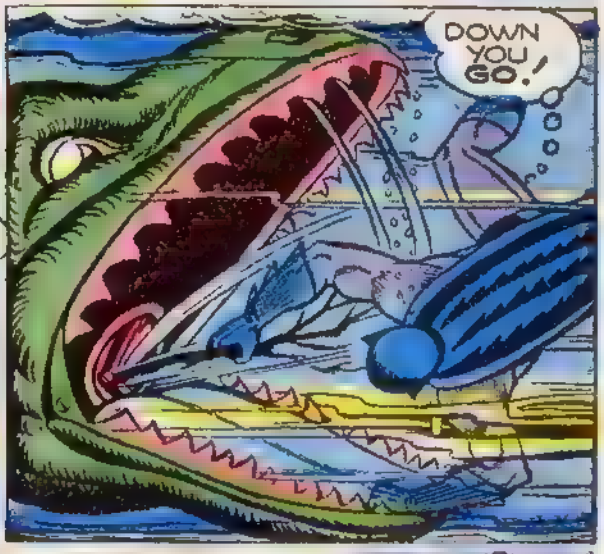
STEPHEN CHASE! WHAT ARE YOU—AAAH—
I'LL TAKE THE BINOCULARS AND THE ROBOT-CONTROLS!
THERE MUST BE NO HINT OF MURDER! TOMORROW POOR BREACH WILL COMMIT "SUICIDE"; IN REMORSE, BECAUSE HE HAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED BATMAN AND ROBIN WITH ONE OF HIS ROBOTS! HA! HA!
AH! ROBIN IS WARNING BATMAN OF THE MECHANICAL CAVEMAN! NOW I CAN TRY A LITTLE TRICK I'VE PREPARED...
CHASE FINGERS THE PANEL-BOARD! BY REMOTE CONTROL HE GUIDES THE INTRICATE MOVEMENTS OF THE ROBOT FIGURE!
HA! HA! THAT SPEAR ALMOST GOT ME. DON'T WORRY, ROBIN! IT'S ONLY CARDBOARD!
OH!
CHASE'S FOXY TRICK! BATMAN HAS BEEN LULLED INTO FALSE SECURITY!
NOW HE'LL THROW A "ROCK" MADE OF SPONGE!
CRASH!
IT IS A REAL ROCK! I SAW SUNLIGHT GLINTING ON ITS SHINY SURFACE! IF IT HAD BEEN SPONGE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN POROUS!
BLESS YOUR EAGLE EYES! IT MUST'VE ROLLED DOWN FROM ABOVE, INTO THE PILE OF SPONGE "ROCKS"!
5

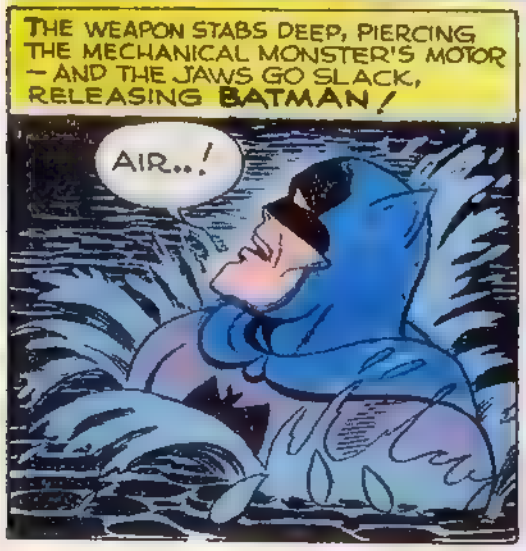
LUCKY... BUT HE'LL NEED MORE THAN LUCK THIS TIME! HA! THIS WILL BE FUN TO WATCH!
HOLY SMOKE! A STYRACO-SAURAS!
WHO CARES WHAT HIS NAME IS! LET'S GIT!
CRASH!
ISN'T BREACH PLAYING KIND OF ROUGH? IF THAT ROBOT STYR- WHAT YOU SAID— HAD HIT US WE'D BE PLAYING HARPS!
HOP UP ON THIS ISLE! THIS CALLS FOR A COUNCIL OF WAR!
UNEXPECTEDLY, THE TINY ISLE SHUDDERS... HEAVES CONVULSIVELY—
IN AN INSTANT, UNDER THE INSIDIOUS GUIDANCE OF CHASE, THE MONSTER FLINGS ROBIN HIGH INTO THE AIR!
ROBIN!

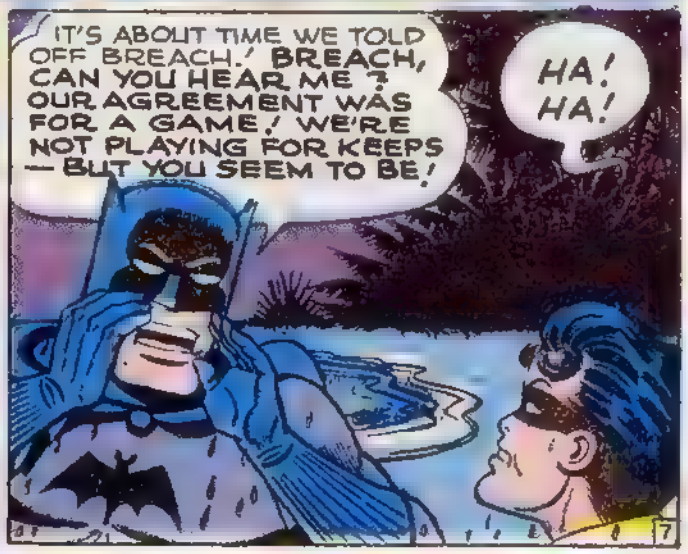

THE BOY'S TRAINED MUSCLES RESPOND! ONE HAND IS THROWN OUT... STRAINING...
UH!

BUT BATMAN IS IN TROUBLE!


INTO THE WATER PLUNGES THE HEAD! BATMAN IS HELD UNDER! HIS LUNGS THREATEN TO BURST... PINWHEELS OF AGONY WHIRL IN HIS BRAIN...
GOT TO TRY SOMETHING!... THAT— DEAD— BRANCH...


DOWN YOU GO!

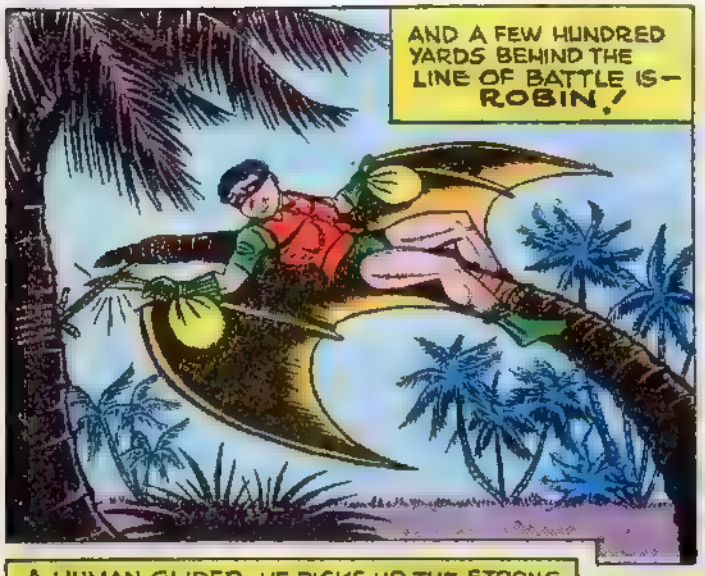

THE WEAPON STABS DEEP, PIERCING THE MECHANICAL MONSTER'S MOTOR — AND THE JAWS GO SLACK, RELEASING BATMAN!
AIR...!

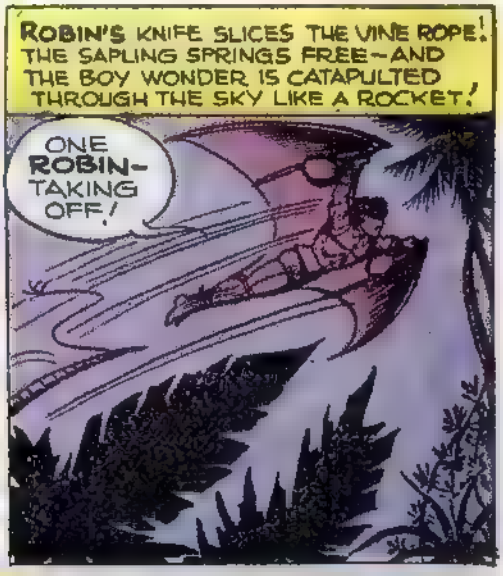

IT'S ABOUT TIME WE TOLD OFF BREACH.' BREACH, CAN YOU HEAR ME? OUR AGREEMENT WAS FOR A GAME.' WE'RE NOT PLAYING FOR KEEPS — BUT YOU SEEM TO BE!
HA! HA!

THE NAME IS CHASE! WE MET AT THE DINNER. REMEMBER? I'M GOING TO MURDER YOU, BATMAN, AND MAKE YOUR DEATH LOOK ACCIDENTAL—SO THAT THE UNDERWORLD WILL BE RID OF YOU! TALLY HO, BATMAN!
HA! HA! TALLY HO!
THIS IS NO LONGER A GAME! WE'RE FIGHTING FOR OUR LIVES NOW! WE'LL NEED WEAPONS...
THE ANCIENT CAVEMAN MADE WEAPONS OF ANIMAL SKELETON BONES! WE CAN BORROW A TRICK FROM THEM!
UH-HUH! THESE IRON AND STEEL "BONES" WILL MAKE ARROW HEADS AND KNIVES...
HOW VERY ENERGETIC! PERHAPS I CAN MAKE THEM EXPEND MORE ENERGY! HA! HA! I'M REALLY ENJOYING THIS VERY MUCH!
ONCE AGAIN THE CRIMINAL'S FINGERS SNAKE O'ER THE CONTROL PANEL—
LOOK!
ROBOT CAVEMEN!
ROBOT PRIMITIVE AGAINST MODERN MAN! THE MOST BIZARRE BATTLE EVER FOUGHT!
(GULP)... IT'S ALMOST LIKE KILLING A REAL MAN!
BUT THEY'RE NOT REAL MEN! THEY'RE MACHINES!

THE TABLES TURN!
BATMAN... HELP...
I CAN'T... I CAN'T GET LOOSE!
SUDDENLY A QUEER THING HAPPENS! THE CAVEMEN TURN AND SHUFFLE AWAY!
I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY DID HE SAVE US??
LISTEN...
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HORRIBLE REALIZATION CHILLS BATMAN LIKE AN ICY WIND!
DON'T YOU SEE? HE'S AMUSING HIMSELF! HE'S SAVED US FOR TOMORROW'S SPORT!
I'LL BE BACK AT DAWN ...LEADING MY ENTIRE WOLF-PACK! REMEMBER... AT DAWN!
AH, BREACH... THIS ADVENTURE IS LIKE JUNGLE CHESS! BATMAN, ROBIN AND THE ROBOT MONSTERS ARE THE PAWNS, AND I - THE MASTER CHESSMAN, AM MOVING THE PAWNS WHERE I WILL! CHECKMATE, EH? HA! HA!
9

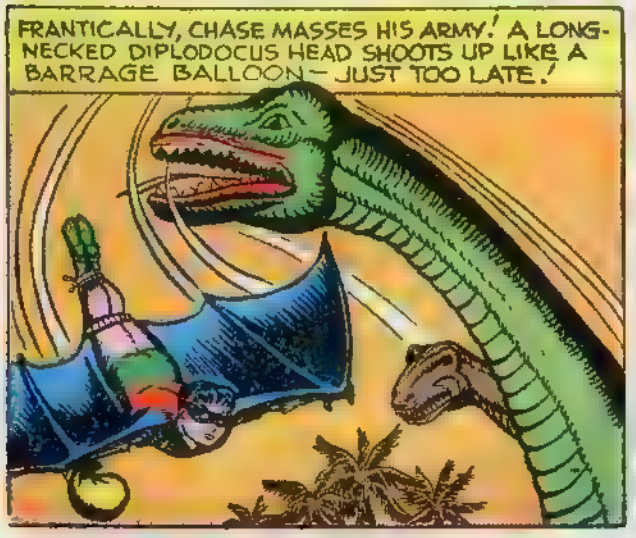
JUNGLE NIGHT.' CHASE SLEEPS- BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN, LIKE SUDDENLY CAGED WILDLIFE, ARE APPREHENSIVE, RESTLESS...
I WISH I COULD SLEEP!... FUNNY, I THOUGHT I'D BE SCARED, BUT I'M NOT.'... GUESS WE'RE IN OVER OUR HEADS THIS TIME.'... BATMAN'S WORRIED ... EVEN THOUGH HE DOESN'T ACT IT.'
ROBIN'S TAKING THIS OKAY.'... HE'S A GREAT KID... I WON'T LET HIM DOWN.' I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING ... I'VE GOT TO.'
IF ONLY WE HAD YOUR UTILITY BELT! OR THE BATPLANE...
MAYBE WE HAVE!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE ARROW-LINE?
THOSE MECHANICAL PTERODACTYLS.' THEY'RE NOT CONTROLLED BY CHASE'S PANEL-BOARD! THEY FLY AUTOMATICALLY, PROBABLY BY SOME ROBOT CONTROL-STATION THAT WORKS AT SET INTERVALS.' WE CAN USE ONE OF THOSE FLYING KITES.'
ALL NIGHT LONG, THE TWO LABOR, WORKING AGAINST TIME.' AND THEN—THE DAWN!
IT'S ALL FINISHED.' BATMAN... MAYBE I OUGHT TO BE THE ONE.'
NO, ROBIN, I'LL HAVE TO BE THE BAIT THAT'LL LURE CHASE TO THE SPOT WE CHOSE.' IT'LL HAVE TO WORK—OR ELSE...
ALONE NOW, BATMAN WAITS.' SOON, LUMBERING THROUGH THE FOREST—A PROCESSION OF THE DAWN WORLD.'
CURIOUSLY, BATMAN STANDS ROOTED TO THE SPOT. THE PREHISTORIC ARMY CLOSES IN, CUTTING OFF ESCAPE.'
BATMAN, ARE YOU SO PETRIFIED WITH FEAR YOU CANNOT MOVE? DON'T BE AFRAID... YOU WILL SOON BE OUT OF YOUR MISERY!'
OH-OH, ROBIN... YOU'D BETTER COME QUICK.'
10

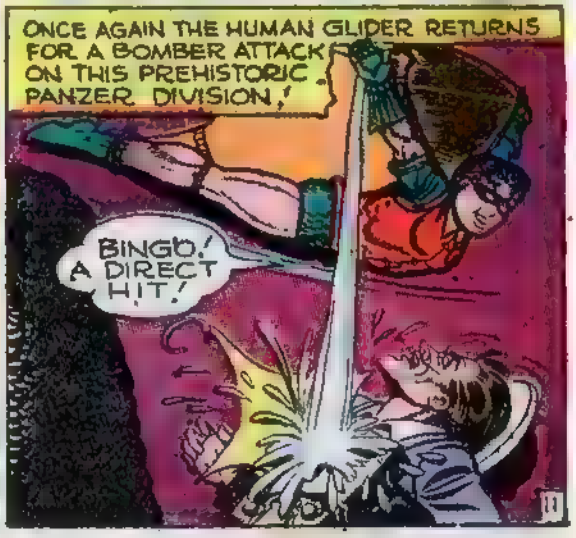

AND A FEW HUNDRED YARDS BEHIND THE LINE OF BATTLE IS— ROBIN!


ROBIN'S KNIFE SLICES THE VINE ROPE! THE SAPLING SPRINGS FREE—AND THE BOY WONDER IS CATAPULTED THROUGH THE SKY LIKE A ROCKET!
ONE ROBIN— TAKING OFF!

A HUMAN GLIDER, HE PICKS UP THE STRONG WIND, SOARING ON, TILL AT LAST...
WHAT...? THE BAT-PLANE!
NO... BUT IT'S A REASONABLE FACSIMILE!

AERIAL ATTACK AGAINST ARMORED TANKS OF THE PAST!
HECK... I MISSED HIM WITH MY HOME-MADE BOMB.
A BAG... FILLED WITH WATER!


FRANTICALLY, CHASE MASSES HIS ARMY! A LONG-NECKED DIPLODOCUS HEAD SHOOTS UP LIKE A BARRAGE BALLOON— JUST TOO LATE!


ONCE AGAIN THE HUMAN GLIDER RETURNS FOR A BOMBER ATTACK ON THIS PREHISTORIC PANZER DIVISION!
BINGO! A DIRECT HIT!

WATER BURSTS OVER THE CONTROL BOARD, SHORT-CIRCUITING THE ELECTRIC WIRES—AND THE ROBOT-MONSTERS LITERALLY DIE!
CAUGHT IN YOUR OWN TRAP, MR. HUNTER?
WHAT'S WRONG, BIG SHOT... AFRAID YOUR QUARRY MIGHT SHOW HIS TEETH?...
...OR HIS KNUCKLES! THE HUNT'S OVER!
LATER... WHEN THE REPORTERS RETURN AFTER THE 36 HOURS, A SURPRISE AWAITS THEM...
WHY DID CHASE WANT TO KILL BATMAN?
HE WANTED TO START A CRIME COMBINE IN GOTHAM CITY! HE KNEW HE'D HAVE TO KILL BATMAN FIRST! WHEN HE LEARNED BATMAN WAS TO BE STRIPPED OF HIS WEAPONS, HE SEIZED THE CHANCE...
WELL, BATMAN, YOU CERTAINLY WON THE GAME... AGAINST TOUGHER ODDS THAN WE BOTH EXPECTED!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, BROTHER!
HOW'S ABOUT SOME PIX? WHERE'S CHASE?
THERE... IN A CAGE... BUT THEY'RE DUSTING OUT A STRONGER ONE FOR HIM AT THE STATE PEN!
THE END

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
BOB KANE
DID YOU EVER STOP TO WONDER EXACTLY WHAT MAKES A BATMAN STORY? NOT JUST THE IMAGINATIONS OF A WRITER, AN EDITOR AND AN ARTIST, AS YOU MIGHT THINK! HUMAN EXPERIENCE... INVESTIGATION AND RESEARCH... A BASIS OF REAL-LIFE DRAMA— THESE ARE SOME OF THE INGREDIENTS!.. AND WHEN BRUCE WAYNE'S YOUNG PARTNER GOES LITERARY, IT IS ONLY NATURAL THAT HE SHOULD FIND HIS MATERIAL IN THE ACTUAL BREATH-TAKING ADVENTURES OF BATMAN AND ROBIN, AS WITNESS THIS EXCITING TALE OF—
"Dick Grayson, AUTHOR!"

IN THE LIBRARY OF THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...
SOME PRETTY EXCITING STUFF IN THOSE COMICS MAGAZINES, EH, DICK?
MMM...
CRESCENT COMICS
THEY'RE EXCITING — BUT SOME OF THE STORIES AREN'T VERY TRUE TO LIFE.'
AN INTERESTING CRITICISM, ESPECIALLY SINCE JIM HALE, THE EDITOR OF CRESCENT COMICS, IS A FRIEND OF MINE.'
I'VE BEEN GOING TO CALL ON HIM FOR SOME TIME.' WHY NOT COME WITH ME AND GIVE HIM THE BENEFIT OF YOUR REACTION?
OH, BOY.' I ALWAYS WANTED TO VISIT A COMICS EDITOR!
AND SO, PRESENTLY...
THIS IS JIM HALE, THE BEST EDITOR IN THE BUSINESS.'
HELLO, BRUCE, OLD BOY!
SO YOU'RE DICK GRAYSON! BRUCE TELLS ME YOU'VE BEEN FINDING FAULT WITH MY COMICS.'
WELL, NOT VERY MUCH... ONLY SOME OF THE STORIES DON'T SEEM REAL.'
COMICS
MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE! ANYWAY, SINCE YOU FEEL THAT WAY— WHY DON'T YOU WRITE ME A STORY?
LOOKS AS IF YOU'RE ON THE SPOT, DICK!
HUH?.. ME.'
2

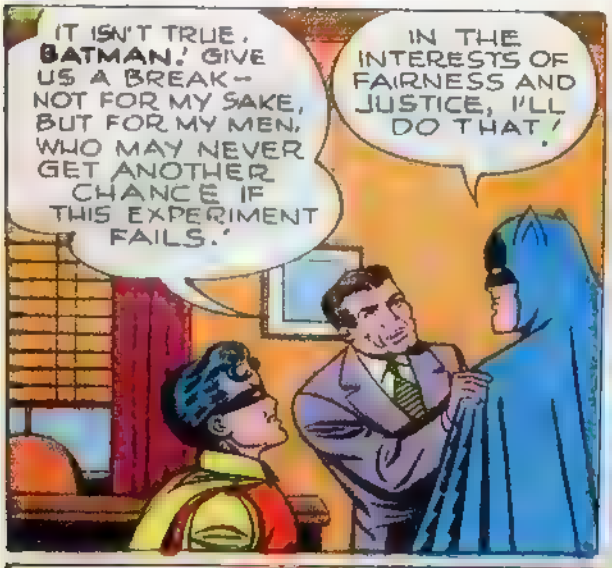
THAT EVENING...
YOU KNOW, BRUCE, I'M GOING TO TAKE HALE UP ON THAT! I CAN WRITE A BETTER STORY THAN SOME OF THESE!
SURE! WHY NOT?
AND NOW—THE PENCIL-CHEWING PHASE THAT EVERY AUTHOR KNOWS!
A PLOT—THAT'S ALL I NEED! LET'S SEE...
A STORY ABOUT A TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE?... ABOUT A LOST CITY IN THE JUNGLE?... NO—THOSE THINGS HAVE ALL BEEN DONE, OVER AND OVER!
HOURS LATER...
WHEW! FROM TONIGHT ON, I'LL HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR COMICS WRITERS! BUT I CAN'T BACK OUT NOW!
MEANWHILE, UPSTATE, PRISON GATES HAVE SWUNG OPEN TO BEGIN A GRIPPING HUMAN DRAMA OF REAL LIFE.
STATE PRISON
YOU'VE PAID IN FULL FOR ROBBING THAT PAYROLL TRUCK, CONROY! YOU'RE FREE NOW!
WARDEN, I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON! I'M GOING STRAIGHT—AND I'M GOING TO HELP OTHERS DO THE SAME!
IF THE POLICE WILL LET ME, I'LL PROVE THAT CROOKS WHO REALLY WANT TO REFORM CAN BE TRUSTED TO THE LIMIT!

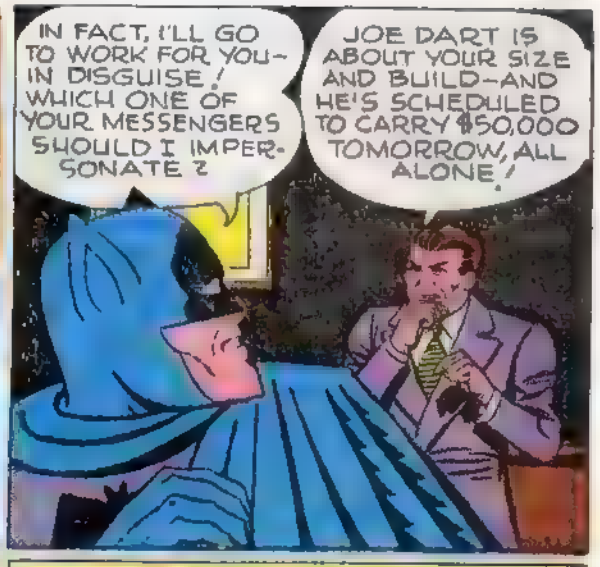
IN THE SHADOWY STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY'S UNDERWORLD...
BIG ED CONROY! HOW'D YOU GET OUT?
I CONVINCED THE PAROLE BOARD I WAS ON THE LEVEL, BERT. HOW WOULD YOU AND SPIKE LIKE JOBS WORKING FOR ME—REAL HONEST JOBS?
IT'S THE BREAK I BEEN LOOKING FOR!
ME, TOO! SINCE I GOT OUT OF STIR NOBODY'LL GIVE ME A JOB—AN' I'VE GOT A WIFE AN' TWO KIDS TO SUPPORT!
BIG ED TALKS TO OTHERS WHO HAVE SEEN THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS... AND LAST OF ALL TO POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON!
THESE ARE ROGUES' GALLERY PORTRAITS OF THE BOYS I'VE PICKED, COMMISSIONER. I'LL GUARANTEE THEY'LL MAKE GOOD.
HMMM... NEITHER YOU NOR THEY WILL FIND IT EASY.
A PAYROLL MESSENGER SERVICE OPERATED BY EX-CONVICTS WILL HAVE A TOUGH TIME FINDING CUSTOMERS.
NOT THE WAY I HAVE IT PLANNED. I'VE RAISED ENOUGH MONEY TO POST A BOND THAT WILL COVER ANY POSSIBLE LOSSES.
BECAUSE OF YOUR RECORDS, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GET PERMITS TO CARRY GUNS TILL YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELVES.
WE REALIZE THAT. BUT WE FIGURE WE KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THE WAYS OF CROOKS TO OUTWIT THEM WITHOUT SHOOTING.
IN THAT CASE, YOU'VE GOT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S OKAY. GO AHEAD—AND GOOD LUCK.
THANKS, COMMISSIONER! I KNEW WE COULD COUNT ON YOU, ONCE YOU WERE CONVINCED WE WERE SINCERE.

AND SO IS BORN THE SECURITY MESSENGER SERVICE. BUT ONE NIGHT...
WHERE DOES THAT GUY THINK HE'S GOIN'?
HE AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE FOR A WHILE, WE'RE GONNA CRASH!
CRASH!
NOW WE GOT 'EM RIGHT WHERE WE WANT 'EM, SNAPPER!
AT APPROXIMATELY THE SAME MOMENT, IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME ...
IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! A WHOLE WEEK NOW, AND I HAVEN'T GOT THE GHOST OF AN IDEA FOR A STORY!
LISTEN! THE POLICE RADIO!
ALL MIDTOWN SCOUT CARS — ATTENTION!
ARMORED TRUCK IN ACCIDENT AT SEVENTH AND FOREST! CITIZENS REPORT ARMED THUGS ON SCENE! MAY BE, HOLDUP.
THAT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF BLOCKS FROM HERE! LET'S SEE IF BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN'T TANGLE WITH THOSE GUNMEN!
CAN DO!
POLICE CARS STREAK TOWARD THE SCENE — BUT THIS ONE NEVER GETS THERE!
THEM COPPERS WON'T BOTHER NOBODY FOR AWHILE!
AND THIS ONE IS DROWNED OUT, SO TO SPEAK!
DIS IS A NEW WAY TO COOL 'EM OFF!
I CAN'T SEE!

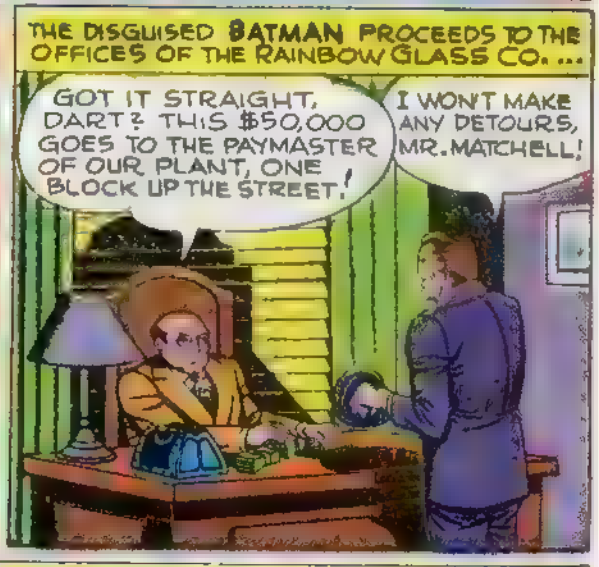
WITHIN THE HUGE VAN, AN OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH CUTS THROUGH THE TRUCK'S ARMOR LIKE A KNIFE SLICING BUTTER!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE GUARDS IN THE TRUCK, SMOKEY! THE CRASH KNOCKED 'EM BOTH COLD!
CHEE, DUKE, DIS IS AS SOFT A WAY O' GRABBIN' 100 GRAND AS I KNOW!
BUT, HIGH OVER THE STREET, TWO SHADOWY FIGURES PREPARE TO DISPUTE THE ISSUE!
SOMEHOW THEY'VE MANAGED TO KEEP THE POLICE AWAY, ROBIN— SO THIS IS APT TO BE A TOUGH JOB!
IT COULDN'T BE TOUGHER THAN WRITING A STORY!
A SPINE-TINGLING SWOOP!
YIIII! DE BATMAN!
RIGHT THE FIRST TIME!
SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!
SMART-ALEC! I'LL FIX YA!
DID YOU FORGET THE BATMAN'S JUNIOR PARTNER, RAT?
BEAUTIFUL TIMING, ROBIN!
AS THE THUGS INSIDE THE VAN START OUT WITH THEIR LOOT...
DUKE RYALL, THE BIG-TIME MOBSTER, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE!
YOU WON'T BE DOIN' THAT VERY LONG, BRAT!

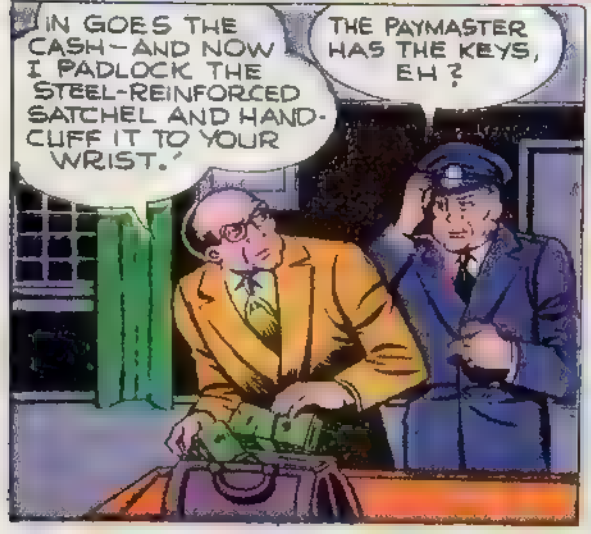
NOBODY CAN RESIST HARD CASH! HA, HA!
OOOH·H·H..
FOR YEARS I DREAMED O' SLAPPIN' DOWN DA BATMAN— AN' NOW ME DREAM'S COME TRUE!
A POLICE SIREN, COMING THIS WAY! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, SMOKEY!
REE-EEE-EEE
THE POLICE ARE HERE, BUT DUKE AND SMOKEY WILL BE BLOCKS AWAY WITH THE LOOT! SO YOU AND I WILL PAY A VISIT TO AN OLD FRIEND!
I'M WEAK, BUT WILLING! WHICH FRIEND WILL IT BE?
REMEMBER BIG ED CONROY? HE'S THE BOSS OF THIS PAYROLL TRANSPORT COMPANY!
YOU BET I REMEMBER HIM! WHAT A TIME WE HAD CATCHING HIM AND SENDING HIM TO PRISON IN THE FIRST PLACE!
SECURITY Messenger SERVICE
BATMAN! ROBIN!... I WAS JUST WONDERING HOW I COULD GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU!
SO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ARMORED TRUCK?
YES... AND I ALSO KNOW THE COPS WILL SUSPECT ME AND MY BOYS, BECAUSE OF OUR RECORDS! IT COULD RUIN US!
IT IS SUSPICIOUS, CONROY--ESPECIALLY SINCE THE JOB WAS PULLED BY DUKE RYALL— YOUR PARTNER WHEN YOU WERE AN OUTLAW!
7

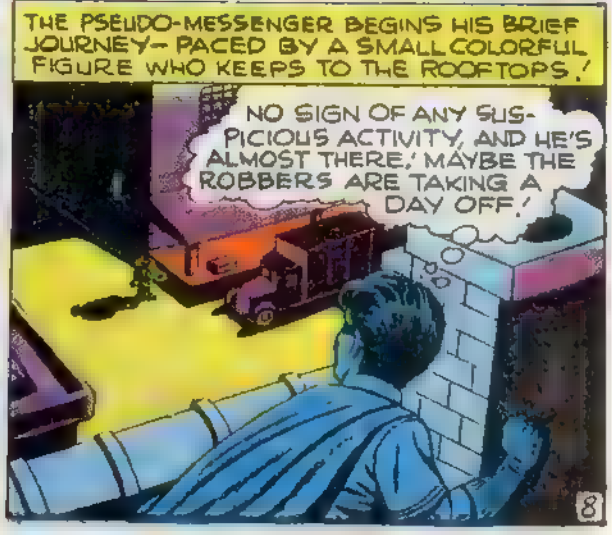

IT ISN'T TRUE, BATMAN! GIVE US A BREAK— NOT FOR MY SAKE, BUT FOR MY MEN, WHO MAY NEVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE IF THIS EXPERIMENT FAILS!
IN THE INTERESTS OF FAIRNESS AND JUSTICE, I'LL DO THAT!

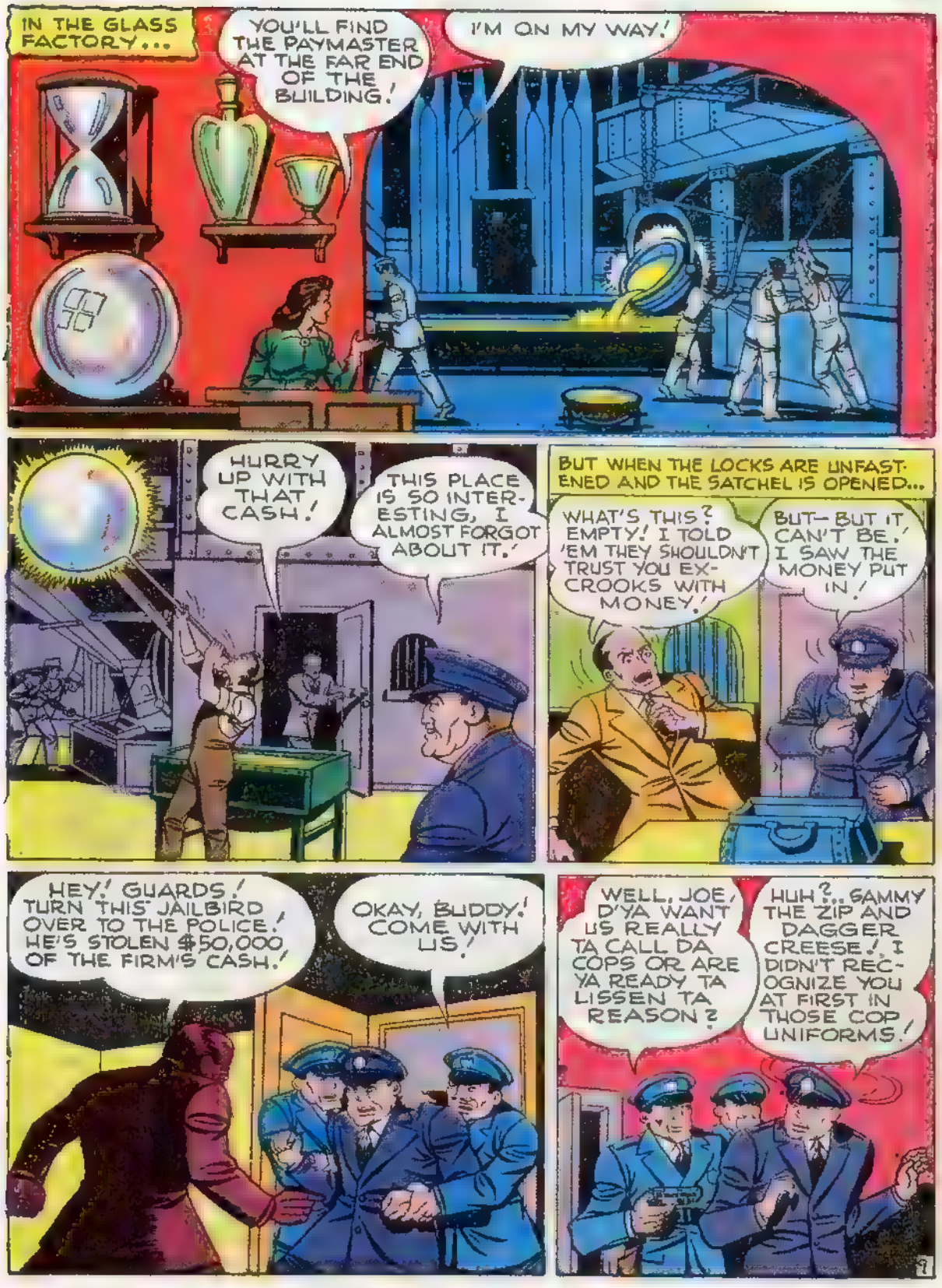

IN FACT, I'LL GO TO WORK FOR YOU— IN DISGUISE! WHICH ONE OF YOUR MESSENGERS SHOULD I IMPERSONATE?
JOE DART IS ABOUT YOUR SIZE AND BUILD—AND HE'S SCHEDULED TO CARRY $50,000 TOMORROW, ALL ALONE!

NEXT DAY...
GOLLY, BATMAN— I'M NOT SURE WHICH ONE OF US IS YOU AND WHICH IS ME, JOE DART!
THEN I SHOULDN'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE FOOLING OTHERS, JOE!


THE DISGUISED BATMAN PROCEEDS TO THE OFFICES OF THE RAINBOW GLASS CO. ...
GOT IT STRAIGHT, DART? THIS $50,000 GOES TO THE PAYMASTER OF OUR PLANT, ONE BLOCK UP THE STREET!
I WON'T MAKE ANY DETOURS, MR. MATCHELL!


IN GOES THE CASH—AND NOW I PADLOCK THE STEEL-REINFORCED SATCHEL AND HANDCUFF IT TO YOUR WRIST.
THE PAYMASTER HAS THE KEYS, EH?

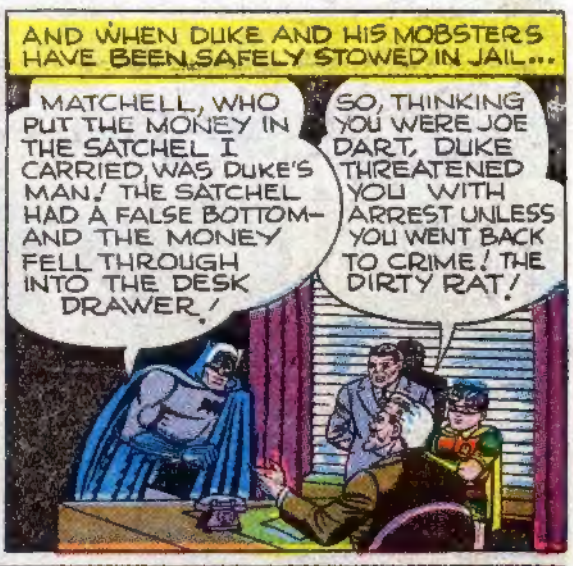

THE PSEUDO-MESSENGER BEGINS HIS BRIEF JOURNEY— PACED BY A SMALL COLORFUL FIGURE WHO KEEPS TO THE ROOFTOPS.
NO SIGN OF ANY SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY, AND HE'S ALMOST THERE. MAYBE THE ROBBERS ARE TAKING A DAY OFF!


IN THE GLASS FACTORY...
YOU'LL FIND THE PAYMASTER AT THE FAR END OF THE BUILDING!
I'M ON MY WAY!
HURRY UP WITH THAT CASH!
THIS PLACE IS SO INTERESTING, I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT IT.
BUT WHEN THE LOCKS ARE UNFASTENED AND THE SATCHEL IS OPENED...
WHAT'S THIS? EMPTY! I TOLD 'EM THEY SHOULDN'T TRUST YOU EX-CROOKS WITH MONEY!
BUT— BUT IT CAN'T BE! I SAW THE MONEY PUT IN!
HEY! GUARDS! TURN THIS JAILBIRD OVER TO THE POLICE! HE'S STOLEN $50,000 OF THE FIRM'S CASH!
OKAY, BUDDY! COME WITH US!
WELL, JOE, D'YA WANT US REALLY TA CALL DA COPS OR ARE YA READY TA LISSEN TA REASON?
HUH?.. SAMMY THE ZIP AND DAGGER CREESE! I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU AT FIRST IN THOSE COP UNIFORMS!

YA SEE, DUKE OWNS HALF OF DIS JOINT. HE GAVE ORDERS FOR BIG ED'S OUTFIT TA HANDLE DA CASH, SO HE COULD HIJACK IT.' HE'S WAITIN' TA SEE YA.'
I GUESS HE'S OUT-SMARTED BIG ED.' I'LL TALK BUSINESS.'
PRESENTLY...
ONCE A CROOK ALWAYS A CROOK, JOE.' YOU BETTER COME BACK INTO THE MOB.' BIG ED IS THROUGH AS LONG AS I'M AFTER HIM.'
I'M CONVINCED.' WAIT TILL I GO INTO THE PHONE BOOTH AND RESIGN MY JOB.'
BUT ONCE OUT OF THE GANGSTERS' SIGHT...
THIS IS THE END OF MY CAREER AS A PAYROLL MESSENGER— AND, I TRUST, OF DUKE'S CAREER AS A FREE RESIDENT OF GOTHAM CITY.'
SUDDENLY...
BATMAN!... GET HIM, SMOKEY.'
I'VE RESIGNED— AND YOU'D BETTER DO THE SAME.'
YOU HAVE A GLASS JAW, TOO, I SEE.'
I'M STABBED.'
GOT YA, YA DOITY SPY.'
YOU DON'T SAY.'

YOU LOOK EXACTLY LIKE A GOLDFISH IN A BOWL!
I GUESS IT'S UP TO ME, AS USUAL!
UH-H-H-H
THIS IS IT, BATMAN! I KNEW I'D HAVE TO RUB YOU OUT SOONER OR LATER—AND THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT!
SO YOU'D RATHER GO TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR THAN TO THE BIG HOUSE!
DEATH WAS NEVER CLOSER TO THE BATMAN THAN NOW!... BUT AT THIS VERY INSTANT, ACROSS THE STREET...
LUCKY I HAPPENED TO LOOK THROUGH THAT WINDOW! IF ONLY I'M IN TIME!
EXCUSE IT, PLEASE—BUT I THOUGHT I HEARD GLASS SHATTERING!
IT'S DA KID!
THE GREATEST KID IN THE WORLD, YOU MEAN!
THIS IS MY IDEA OF A HAPPY LANDING!
WATCH THIS ONE!
A BEAUTIFUL OPERATION!
PAINLESS, TOO! HE DIDN'T FEEL A THING!

WOULD IT BE TOO CORNY TO SAY HIS HOUR HAS STRUCK, BATMAN?
STRUCK—AND SHATTERED! BUT NO MATTER! WHERE HE'S GOING, HE'LL BE FIGURING TIME IN TERMS OF YEARS!
CLUNK!


AND WHEN DUKE AND HIS MOBSTERS HAVE BEEN SAFELY STOWED IN JAIL...
MATCHELL, WHO PUT THE MONEY IN THE SATCHEL I CARRIED, WAS DUKE'S MAN! THE SATCHEL HAD A FALSE BOTTOM—AND THE MONEY FELL THROUGH INTO THE DESK DRAWER!
SO, THINKING YOU WERE JOE DART, DUKE THREATENED YOU WITH ARREST UNLESS YOU WENT BACK TO CRIME! THE DIRTY RAT!

DUKE WAS SORE BECAUSE HIS MOBSTERS WERE DESERTING TO EARN AN HONEST LIVING WITH YOU!

I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON A SQUARE DEAL FROM YOU, BATMAN, AS WELL AS FROM COMMISSIONER GORDON! AND I SWEAR THAT NEITHER I NOR MY MEN WILL EVER LET YOU DOWN!

WAIT TILL THE PAPERS GET THIS STORY!
STORY?... OH-H-H! I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN!

THE FUN IS OVER—AND NOW THE HAUNTING WORRY RETURNS!
IF ONLY I COULD THINK OF SOMETHING TO WRITE ABOUT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CASE WE'VE JUST FINISHED? THERE'S REAL HUMAN INTEREST IN BIG ED CONROY!

YOU KNOW, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME TO USE REAL FACTS FOR A STORY!
YOU'RE AFTER REALISM, AREN'T YOU? ALL GOOD AUTHORS TAKE THEIR MATERIAL DIRECT FROM LIFE—TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION!
THIS YARN IS REALLY SOMETHING! FUNNY I NEVER REALIZED THERE WAS MATERIAL RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE IN THE ADVENTURES OF BATMAN AND ROBIN!
THE FOLLOWING DAY...
I DON'T SUPPOSE IT'S REALLY VERY GOOD! MY FIRST EFFORT, YOU KNOW...
HMMM...
IT'S THE REAL THING, DICK! YOU MUST HAVE A GREAT IMAGINATION TO MAKE IT SO TRUE TO LIFE! I'LL BUY AS MANY LIKE IT AS YOU CAN WRITE!
I CAN GET DOZENS OF STORIES WHERE THAT ONE CAME FROM!
ANOTHER DAY...
DON'T TELL ME!
CONGRATULATE ME! I'M A LITERARY SUCCESS—JIM HALE SAYS!
CRESCENT COMICS
IN THIS ISSUE
"CROOKS' COME-BACK"
BY BOB BRANSON
BETWEEN YOU AND ME, I'LL STAY A SUCCESS AS LONG AS I WRITE ABOUT BATMAN AND ROBIN CASES, AND STICK TO FACTS!
THEN HERE'S HOPING YOUR LITERARY CAREER LASTS 100 YEARS!
THE END.
13